And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine,
I had an Edward, till a Richard kild him:
I had a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kild him.
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kild him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou dist kill him:
I had a Rutland too, thou hopst to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, till Richard kild him:
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,
A hel-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handie worke,
Thy wombe let loose, to chase vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre,
Praies on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.
Duc. O, Harries wife, triumh not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee.
Q. Ma. Beare with me, I am hungrie for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it,
Thy Edward, he is dead, that stabd my Edward,
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
Yong Yorke, he is but boote because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy Clarence he is dead, that kild my Edward,
And the beholders of this tragicke plaie,
The adulterate Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray,
Vntimely smothred in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buie soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his piteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiendes roare, saintes pray,
To haue him suddenly conueied away.

Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.
Qu. O thou didst prophecie the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse,
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toade.
Q. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then, poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heaued a high, to be hurld downe belowe,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweete babes,
A dreame of which thou wert a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in iest, onely to fill the sceane,
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happie wife, a most distressed widow,
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name,
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care,
For one being sued too, one that humblie sues,
For one commaunding all, obeyed of none,
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me,
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
And left thee but, a very pray to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou were,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not,
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow,
Now thy proude necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slip my wearie necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes, will make me smile in France.